

Knight and Princess

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Summary: A young Mana Jorgenson finds herself in the dead of night with a mysterious and quirky brunette, but she didn't get his name. She relies on her brother, Snotlout, to gather information on the boy and soon the two find themselves becoming closer and closer, seemingly without a care. But what happens when Mana's parents forbid her from seeing the boy for supposedly no reason?

1. Mana Jorgenson

"You are my Knight, and I am your Princess."

"She's beautiful, Stoick," The parched woman whispered, her final breath laboured and extended, until her arms, bearing the new born babe, fell limp and motionless.
>"She's.. Beautiful.."

A mournful husband and Chief to a long-lived village cradled his daughter in his arms, the child whimpering softly as her big blue eyes widened up, filled with wonder and confusion.

"She's awake," The chief told his brother, before handing the child to him immediately.
>"Stoick, please," Spitelout softly pleaded, cradling the now crying babe in his muscular arms, "You can't keep doing this."

Stoick only slouched away, covering his face, "I can't do anything else, brother."
>Spitelout frowned as his wife took the sleeping child, "Come, brother, this is your daughter."

Stoick shook his head, "I can't even look at her!" He sobbed to his younger brother, "Every time she looks at me, I see Sigyn! I see.. I see the one who murdered my wife."

Spitelout gasped lightly, "How could you be so cold, brother? This is your own child!" The brunette took his brother's shoulders in his hands.

"What would Sigyn say if she were still here?"

"If she was still here we would be fine! But we aren't fine! Sigyn is dead, gone, and I am left with this burden!" The chief cried, his cheeks staining with tears as he turned away from his younger brother.

"You will never understand this, Spitelout. Your family is perfect, absolutely perfect!" Stoick sobbed, "Sigyn, my darling Sigyn.."

"Oh, how I miss you."

Spitelout turned to his concerned looking wife, and he felt a soft tug at his heart as his eyes fell on the still crying child, her soft brown curls and her big blue eyes watering.

"What shall we do, dear?" Spitelout's wife asked softly cradling the girl. Spitelout's eyes met with his niece's and his heart felt heavy with grief.

Oh, how his brother must feel. The burden it would be to carry the child that killed your one and only love.

"We will keep her, raise her as our own." Spitelout sighed, looking down at his two-year-old son, Snotlout - who looked up at the little girl in his mother's arms.

Spitelout knelt down to his son and placed an arm on his little shoulder, "Son, I have a big task for you,"

The boy's misty green eyes met his father's and he gave the man a toothy smile.

>"You're going to be a big brother, can you handle that for me?" Spitelout asked enthusiastically, and the boy nodded, his jett-black hair whispering as he did so.

"'Course, dad!"

"Good, then I'd like you to meet your little sister," Spitelout's wife knelt down and tucked the girl's chestnut locks away, exposing her innocent sleeping face.

Snotlout's nose scrunched up and he shook his head, "Sister? Aw!"

The couple chuckled slightly, "What shall we call her, dear?" Spitelout looked over his shoulder at his elder brother and frowned, "Brother, does the child have a name?"

Stoick didn't speak, only shook his head, tears still streaming down his face as he watched the flame dance in the fireplace.

"Then it's up to us," Spitelout sighed softly, scratching the back of his neck as he looked from the sleeping girl to his wife.

_ "I think we should call her.. Sigyn," _

_ Spitelout shook his head, "We couldn't, she would only remind Stoick of his wife." _

_ The woman sighed softly before taking another look at her son, and then the girl, "Well, what do you suggest?" _

_ Spitelout hummed in thought for a moment before his eyes widened, "Mana." _

_ "Mana?" _

_ "Yes, Mana Jorgenson." _

_ The woman hummed, "I like the sound of that." She cradled the girl in her arms lovingly, "My little Mana." _

_ Spitelout furrowed his brows and he returned to his grieving brother. _

>"Brother, we've called her Mana."

_ "Then let it be so, just take her away!" Stoick whispered his hand and Spitelout nodded, "It's been decided, dear. We will raise Mana as our own daughter." _

_ "She will never know that Stoick is her father, or that we're her aunt and uncle. She will become ours, raised with Snotlout." _

_ The woman nodded slowly and turned, "Come, Snotlout. Let us return home." She took the little boy's hand and they ventured home before the woman sat down, watching the beautiful sleeping babe nuzzle closer to her breast. _

_ "Sigyn, I promise you, I will protect Mana so long as I live." The woman promised, a single tear sliding silently down her cheek. _

2. Sibling Rivalry

Fourteen years later.

"Mom! Snotlout won't get _out_ of my _room_!" I called from up stairs, my idiotic older brother simply poking and prodding me, snorting as he did so.

"Snotlout, leave your sister alone!" My mother called from down stairs, though seemingly effortlessly.

"Damn it, loser, just get out!" I snapped and shoved my hand in my brother's face. "We're meant to be resting, we're going fishing tomorrow, remember?"

"Yeah, whatever. Why would I want to go fishing with you anyway?" Snotlout teased, sneering at me. I only rolled my eyes, "Dad hardly does anything with us anymore, why would you pass this up?"

Snotlout's face brightened at the mention of our distant father, who was always either working or out at sea.

"You should stay home with mom, you know, do girly things. Leave the fishing to the men." Snotlout smirked and I poked my tongue out at him, "You can't even fish, idiot. What, you want to make a fool out of yourself in front of dad again?"

Snotlout's cheeks heated up and he pouted, looking away, "Sh-Shut up!"

"Well it's true!" I teased, poking his chest with my index finger. "Mom! Mana is making fun of me again!"

I laughed at my mother's reply, "Then get out of her room!" The woman hollered from down stairs.

Snotlout shot me a single glare before he turned to leave my room, slamming the door shut behind him. I chuckled and turned to my bedroom window.

I slowly spread the curtains to face the streets of Berk, opening the window and taking a deep breath of fresh air.

I loved the scents that filled Berk's air. It was always so refreshing, and tomorrow would be great, fishing with dad - hoping that Snotlout doesn't screw it up somehow.
>I sighed softly and leaned against the window-sill for a moment, watching the villagers greet one another before I saw Snotlout coming out the front door.<p>

"Hey, idiot! Where do you think you're going?" I called from the window, and Snotlout looked around with confusion, making me laugh.

"Up here, genius!" I chuckled again as Snotlout's eyes met mine and he simply smirked, "Going out to meet up with some friends."

"Yeah? Who?"

"You won't know them," Snotlout sneered, "You don't have any friends!"

And with that, I slammed my window shut and shut the curtains, a furious pout on my face. I turned and sighed as I slumped over the edge of my bed and my eyes fell upon a stuffed squirrel that my dad had given me for my eighth birthday.

I picked it up and examined it, the button eyes were old and dusty, and the fur that was once a chestnut brown was slowly turning patchy and grey. I dusted it off before placing it back on the foot of my bed and walking over to my mirror.

Bright green eyes peered back at me and I hummed, making faces in the mirror for awhile before I noticed a knot in my long, chestnut brown hair.

I began brushing my fingers through it until it was the same as it had been earlier, straight and thick. I examined the pale grey tunic that I wore, sneering at the clothes.

Snotlout was right, I didn't have any friends - or any sense of

fashion, for that matter. My tight black pants were hugging me and I found myself stretching them apart for a moment before I accidentally nudged the mirror with my boot, making me wince at the sound.

"Damn it." I hissed quietly before turning to my door, leaving without another word.

>"Where are you going, Mana?" Mother asked, and I smiled softly, "Do you know where Snotlout went?"<p>

"He went to meet up with some friends. Dear, I really don't think you should bother him." I rolled my eyes, "I'm not going to, mom. I swear."

And then I was out the door.

I found myself at the old, dried up well. I leaned up against it and sighed, Snotlout was nowhere to be found and so I sat on the grass and looked up at the clouds, watching them form shapes in front of my eyes.

I must have sat there for ages, because the sun was beginning to set and it was time for me to go home. I stood up and brushed myself off before setting off down the dirt road to my home. I'd get in so much trouble if dad -

Bam!

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" I apologized as I looked down at the person I had just stumbled into and knocked over.

I extended my hand out to the boy and he shyly took it, allowing me to easily hoist him to his feet.

"It's fine, my fault." The voice said, and I smiled, "I'm always so clumsy." I admitted, and my eyes met his.

His emerald green eyes sparkled with the sunset as we stared at each other.

"Me, too." He finally replied, blinking away our daze.

"In a hurry?" He asked, and I nodded, "I'm gonna get into so much trouble if I'm not home soon, dad will kill me."

"Oh yeah? Who's your dad?" The brunette cocked a brow at me, "Second in command, you know, Spitelout Jorgenson."

"Oh. Right." I laughed, "Yeah, he's pretty scary, huh."

The boy shook his head, "He's scary, but not as scary as - hey, wait, does that mean you're Snotlout's sister?"

I slowly nodded, "That must be a bad thing."

"N-No, I mean, yes. But, you just don't look like him, if I may say so myself. You don't look familiar at all. How have we never met?" The boy chuckled lightly, "I'm sorry, I'm rambling. I'll let you go. My dad will probably skin me for being home so late."

I blinked, and the boy waved goodbye.

"Hey, wait!" I called out into the darkness, but he was already gone.

3. Dinner Time

That night I barely ate, I just picked at my food with my fork, pouting softly as my mother and father conversed, and I continued to daydream of that mysterious boy before I felt something hit me square between the eyes.

"Hey!" I hissed at Snotlout, who had his fork pointed at me. "Dad, Snotlout is flicking his peas at me!" I whined, and the man shot his son a stern glare.

"Snotlout, leave your sister alone."

I poked my tongue out at my older brother and he just bared his teeth at me before returning to his food, not even bothering to eat with knife and fork, just his bare hands. I recoiled with disgust at the sight of my brother wolfing his food down like he hadn't eaten for days as I felt barely any appetite looking down at my own.

"Mana, what's wrong? You've barely eaten a thing." My mother gave me a look of concern and I smiled softly, "I'm fine, mom. Just.."

"Just what, dear?"

I sighed softly and dropped my fork, "I met a boy today."

"Ooooh!" Snotlout snorted and batted his eyelashes at me, "Shove it, you loser." I snapped before returning to my mother.

"A boy, you say?" She shot her husband a look of concern before returning to me, "What was his name, dear?"

I shrugged, "That's just it. I didn't get his name, but he knows Snotlout." I shot a glare to my brother, who was now beginning to arrange his peas in a line, getting ready to flick more at me, no doubt.

"Oh? Snotlout, listen to your sister,"

Snotlout's eyes fell upon me and I began explaining the details of the boy I had met and the entirety of our encounter.

"That sounds like Hiccup to me." Snotlout sneered with distaste and my parents froze, eyes meeting with each other's before my father cleared his throat.

"Time for bed," He ordered, making Snotlout and I whine, "But dad it's only sun-set!"

"Bed. Now." He ordered once more, and Snotlout and I groaned as we got up and departed, sitting in Snotlout's room.

"What got dad so riled up?" I asked, cocking a brow as I sat on the edge of Snotlout's bed, "Don't know, don't care." Snotlout spat back, and I rolled my eyes.

"Do you want me to go?" I asked, and Snotlout simply shook his head. "No way can I sleep yet, it's barely even dark outside."

I frowned as I heard yelling from downstairs, and both Snotlout and I looked at each other before slowly inching towards the door, opening it open slightly as we listened to our parents.

"This is wrong, Spitelout! We can't just - "

Just then, we heard the heavy footsteps of our father coming up the stairs and we slammed the door shut, glaring at each other as we did so.

"You idiot! Now he's going to know we were listening!" I hissed, slapping my brother on the shoulder before we practically slid away from the door, Snotlout diving onto his bed as I in a state of panic - slid underneath the bed as our father opened the door and scanned the room.

"Hmm?" Snotlout hummed as he sat up, I rolled my eyes, no doubt he would pretend to be sleeping, "Oh, hey dad." He said softly.

"Where is she?"

I froze, _damn it! He knew I was in here!_

"Where is who? Mana?"

"Yes, Mana! Where is she?"

"How should I know where she is?"

Then my mother came rushing up the stairs, "Dear, please, stop this!"

Spitelout looked at his pleading wife now, his glare softening as he did so. He looked at Snotlout one more time before he sighed.

"Nevermind, son. Go to sleep."

Then he shut the door and I felt Snotlout sigh heavily. "That was close."

I slid out from under the bed quietly, listening to be sure that our parents were down stairs again, and I heard nothing, so I simply sighed and stood up, "You need to clean this room."

I patted all the dust and grime from under Snotlout's bed before turning to leave. "I should go, I don't want to get us in trouble."

Snotlout smiled softly at me, a rarity of sorts. A delicacy that I was hardly ever bestowed with. "Night, loser."

I closed the door and quietly crept to my room before sighing and sliding down the wooden frame of the door. I sat there and flashes of that boy came to my mind once more.

What was his name again? Hiccup? Yeah, that's it. Hiccup.

Wait, that's the son of the Chief, isn't it?

How strange, a son born of Stoick the Vast is so small and so..
Beautiful.

"Hiccup.."

4. Fishing Trip

The next morning I awoke to my bed bouncing and my eyes snapped open as I pulled the cover over me.

"Wake up, sleeping beauty!" Snotlout called as he jumped on my bed, making the stuffed mattress shift uncomfortably.

"Time to go, time to go!"

I groaned and slid out from my bed, looking at myself in the mirror. I had forgotten to change last night. Oh, well.

I shrugged and ran my fingers through my hair, it was getting so long, half-way down my back, in fact.

"Is dad awake?" I asked as I looked at Snotlout from the mirror.
"Yeah, he's awake. Waiting for us outside."

I smiled softly, "I hope he's in a better mood than yesterday."

"He is, though he's acting kinda weird." I laughed at this, "When have you ever known dad not to be weird?"

Snotlout shot me a cheeky grin now, "True." He laughed and I turned for the door, "Well? Come on, then."

Dad was carrying the essentials, the bait, the fishing poles and some extra wires if need be. I smiled all the way to the lake and I couldn't help but wish Snotlout had brought his friends along.

Maybe then I could get to know them, and they might even like me.

I shook the thought off as we approached the lake and I took off my boots before rolling up my leggings and stepping into the shallow end of the lake. I sighed happily at the feeling and turned to see my father smiling at me.

I blinked before smiling back, "What?" I blushed as I turned back to face the lake - only to feel a cold sensation swallow me whole.

"Snotlout!" I whined as I wiped wet hair from my face. The boy only laughed hysterically at me before he kicked more water at me.

I whined louder but this only entertained my stupid older brother, and so I kicked back, splashing the entire front of his torso and wetting the majority of his face.

"You're _so_ dead," Snotlout smirked as he took off his helmet and

tossed it onto a blanket that our father had placed with all of our gear.

My eyes widened and I screamed as Snotlout scooped me up into his arms and over his shoulder before walking deeper into the lake.

"Don't! I swear to Thor I'm telling - DAD!" I screamed, though laughter was definitely evident in my voice.

I watched my father laugh from his spot on the grass as he began to set up our fishing poles, letting Snotlout toss me into the icy water below.

I flailed at the sudden contact of the cold, but I almost instantly felt accustomed to it. I loved days like this, where it was warm enough that the water was soothing.

>I reached the surface and gasped for air as Snotlout splashed me in the face once more, my feet barely touching the surface of the ground below.<p>

"You bastard." I sneered at him before beginning to swim back to shore, "Here," Snotlout looped his arm with mine as I desperately began to doggy-paddle to a safer water level.

I smiled as Snotlout swam gracefully across the crystal-blue lake. I made it back to shore and sat down by my dad, Snotlout at my side.

"So, now that you've scared off all the fish," My dad shot us a glare and we frowned slightly before his smile assured us a good time, "Let's catch some fish, huh?"

I clapped my hands together with anticipation as we all stood up but my father placed a hand on my head, ruffling my hair gently.

"Oh, Mana, I need you to do something for me, I'm sorry I forgot the bait, so I need you to go into the forest and collect some berries for me, okay?" I pouted, "Why can't Snotlout - ?"

I sighed, slumping, "_Fiiine."_ My father kissed my forehead before I slipped on my boots and headed for the forest's edge.

5. Blueberry Bush

I found a blueberry bush after a long search - but that's not all I found.

I hid behind a thick tree frame and slowly poked my head out every now and again, looking at him.

He was so much cuter in the light.

His brown hair much like my own and his sun-kissed skin. He had some sort of book resting on his chest and a charcoal-pencil in his grip, I giggled slightly. He must have fallen asleep in the sun.

I slowly and silently approached the boy, Hiccup. What a treat, I was able to examine him so closely without seeming like a creep.

I leaned closer to him and looked at his face. So innocent and so beautiful.

He had thick lashes that seemed to kiss his slightly pink cheeks, and his lips that were slightly agape as he snored quietly were almost too much to bare.

I inhaled sharply and took one step over his thin frame and froze as he muttered something in his sleep before rolling onto his side and silencing once more - allowing me to step over him and towards the blueberry bush.

I tucked my shirt and began plucking off the blueberries as quietly as possible, glancing over my shoulder every now and again before he woke and I jumped as he spoke.

"Ah!" I dropped all of the blueberries that were in my shirt to the dirt and I pouted, looking back at the brunette.

"W-What?" I asked, my eyes widening as he watched me.

"I said, you don't want to eat those ones."

I raised a brow curiously, "Why not?"

"They're poisonous." The boy's eyes widened and he bit his lower lip as I gazed curiously at him. I slumped, "It's just bait."

"Bait?"

"Yeah, I'm fishing." I smiled softly and Hiccup sat up, shutting his sketch book and tucking it into his vest. "Well, you're not gonna catch anything with those."

I groaned quietly, "I need bait." I whined and Hiccup stood up, brushing himself off. "Well, I know a great spot you can find some worms."

I cocked my head to the side slightly, "Worms?"

"Yeah, fish love worms. Best bait you can have. Come on and I'll show you." Hiccup smiled warmly at me and I found myself melting at the sight of it.

"S-Sure." I finally replied as I sped up to meet his strides before we were side-by-side.

"So, your name is Hiccup, right?" I asked and the boy nodded, "Snotlout tell you?"

I nodded, "Yeah, he did." We were silent for a long while before we finally made it to an isolated clearing with a single fallen tree and I blinked, "So, where's this hotspot of bait you told me about?"

"Right here." Hiccup motioned for me to help him lift the hollowed log that was sitting in the middle of the clearing and we both grunted violently as the log was flipped and several winged bugs all

fled in different directions.

"Ah!" I squealed and ducked beneath the fearful insects before hearing Hiccup's light chuckle, "Scared of a few bugs?"

I blushed slightly and shook my head, "Just surprised me, is all." I lied and Hiccup hummed, smirking lightly at me.

"So, how am I meant to carry all these disgusting things back?" I cocked a brow and Hiccup hummed, "I can help you."

I smiled, "You'd do that?"

He nodded and I smiled wider, "Thanks, Hiccup! That's really nice of you," I blushed deeper now as Hiccup's eyes met mine and we stared at each other for a long moment.

It seemed as if I'd met Hiccup before somewhere, but I couldn't remember where. It was a distant memory that I couldn't recall, but he was so, so familiar. I didn't realise it yet, but I yearned to be near him, like it was only natural for us to be close.

I shook this thought off as we began plucking unsuspecting worms and began carrying them back in our tunics, talking and joking all the way back to the edge of the forest where my dad and Snotlout were talking and waiting for me.

Hiccup stopped as his eyes fell upon my brother and his smile disappeared, "What's wrong?" I asked slightly confused, "It's nothing, just.."

I tilted my head, "Just what, Hiccup?"

"Just that your brother really doesn't like me,"

I rolled my eyes, "Well, you're my friend. He can suck it up."

Hiccup's green eyes met mine and a smile tugged at his beautiful lips. "Your friend?"

>I blushed and looked away, "I-I mean.. I.."<p>

Hiccup's smile only widened as I stammered and as I looked back, there was a glint of something I couldn't determine in those emerald eyes of his.

"Well, come on." I finally said as we took a step towards the lake before Snotlout and my father spotted us coming towards them side-by-side.

But my happiness was cut short as my dad screamed at me, "Mana! Come here right now!" He yelled and I stopped in my tracks, fearful that I had done something wrong without realising.

"Mana! Are you listening to me? Come here!" He yelled again and Snotlout looked just as confused as I was, looking back and forth between the two of us.

"Just.. Just wait here for a sec?" I asked Hiccup and he nodded, a look of concern on his face as I jogged back to my father. "What do

you think you're doing?!"

My eyes widened at the look of pure horror on my father's face, "I-I was just.. I was just gathering bait, like you told me!"

My father took me by the shoulders now and I let go of my tunic, the wriggling worms dropping at my feet.

"D-Dad!" I squeaked as my father gripped me tighter, his eyes darting back and forth between me and Hiccup.

"We need to go, Snotlout, pack up our things."

"What? But we just got here!" He complained, but my father shot him a harsh glare, "Now!" He snapped loudly before I whimpered, actually frightened, now.

"You stay away from that boy, you understand me?" He demanded sternly, "What? But Hiccup is my friend, dad!"

"No, he's not your friend! Don't ever speak to him again!" He hissed at me and I flinched as my father's cold gaze met Hiccup, and I turned to face him, only to be shaken slightly by my father's harsh grip.

"D-Dad, what's gotten into you? Why can't I make a friend for once in my life!?"

But there was no use, my father was determined to keep me away from Hiccup for a reason unknown to me. He gripped my wrist tightly and despite my efforts to resist, he yanked me along the dirt road as Hiccup only stared, dumbfounded.

My eyes began to water and as soon as we arrived home I ran straight to my room, slamming the door behind me and throwing myself on my bed, whimpering quietly into my pillow.

I heard my parents fighting from down stairs again but this time I didn't care, their bickering was of no concern to me as the only thing that was running through my mind was Hiccup.

Why? When I had made my first actual friend was I then torn from the companionship I so badly desired?

Was I truly so destined to be alone? Just an outcast of the Jorgenson clan, someone so unnoticed that I'd grow old and die alone?

I cried myself to sleep that night, images of Hiccup's sleeping face haunting my dreams even when I did.

6. Coincidence

"Hiccup?"

His emerald green eyes met mine and I heard him chuckle nervously, "Ah, sorry, did I scare you?"

I heard him slowly approach me and I simply shook my head, "No, I was just surprised. I didn't think I'd see you again."

Hiccup sat down next to me now, examining the failed daisy-chains, and I quickly snatched the one that lay silently on my head like a broken crown.

"What are you doing out here so late?" Hiccup asked me curiously and I sighed, looking off at the pitch-black ocean, "My dad won't let me leave the house," I began.

"He hasn't for days, I don't know what I did wrong." I looked back at Hiccup and smiled sadly, the boy returning my smile.

"I thought you were avoiding me after.." Hiccup trailed off and my stomach twisted, "I'm so sorry for the other day. I honestly have no idea what my dad is up to, or why he doesn't want me to see you."

Hiccup shrugged, "Does he know you're out here now?"

I shook my head, "I hope not. He's already angry enough."

I heard Hiccup sigh softly as the grass below him rustled with movement. I turned to look at Hiccup, but his gaze was fixed on the ocean before us.

"Do you.. Still want to be friends?" Hiccup finally asked, and my heart pace quickened, "Of course I do!" I replied a little too quickly, and the boy laughed quietly.

"I hope so. I like you, Mana." The brunette turned to me again and I thanked the Gods that it was night - lest he see how red my face was at that moment.

"I-I like you, too, Hiccup." I admitted, though I knew our definitions differed by far.

We sat in silence for a while longer before my hand fell upon another daisy-chain, but I felt the warmth of Hiccup's hand near my own and I stiffened for a moment before I felt his thin fingers slowly creep over my own and gently tangle with them.

I looked at Hiccup now, slightly shocked, but he gave me a shy, almost awkward smile and my grip on his hand tightened slightly.

"I mean it. I really like you, Mana." Hiccup whispered, and I realised just how close he was at that moment, feeling his breath on my face.

My eyes widened and my mind was swimming with possibilities, I could hear my heart pounding in my ears and my breathing becoming heavy.

"Are you okay?" Hiccup asked me, and after a moment of silence I laughed quietly, "I'm great."

Maybe the Gods didn't hate me so much after all.

I snuck into the house through the back door and snickered to myself, I had gotten away with it! Those idiots didn't suspect a thing.

Look at me, Mana Jorgenson, master of stealth.

"Mana," I heard a scolding voice call to me and I froze, "What do you think you're doing?"

Damn it, mother was still awake!

"M-Mom?"

My mother had been waiting for me this entire time? No way she heard me leave!

>"Sh, you'll wake your father." My mother warned and my heart skipped a beat, "You should have left me a note, dear, I was worried about you," Her soft voice was closer now and I sighed quietly.<p>

"I'm sorry, mom." I admitted and she simply laughed, her arm finding me before she lit a small hand-held torch, her eyes scanning my face.

"Where did you get off to at this hour of the night?" I bit my lip, would she be angry if she knew I had met Hiccup again?

"I just wanted to get out for a while, mom. I can't help it," I admitted, though hid the entirety of the truth.

Sure, I felt guilty lying to my mother's face, but I couldn't risk the punishment, I felt so restless and I didn't regret even for a moment sneaking out to see Hiccup.

It was unintentional, so it's not like I had plotted behind my family's back, right?

Yeah, right.

"Well, you should be getting to bed, dear. There's a village meeting at the Great Hall tomorrow and we all have to be there, so get some rest." She kissed me on the forehead and waved me to bed, which I did immediately.

"Goodnight, mom."

"Goodnight, Mana. I love you."

"I love you, too." I smiled as I closed the door quietly and slid into bed without another word, my hands clapping together as I tried to relive those moments where a boy had held my hand.

And not just any boy, but Hiccup. His touch still lingered, even as I drifted off to sleep.

The next morning seemed normal enough, as I was awoken by my mother who had already laid out a fresh set of clothes for me, and so I quickly changed and we were out the door.

>I walked by Snotlout's side, and for some reason he seemed distant this morning. He was always poking fun at me for nothing and today he barely even looked at me, and when our eyes met, he quickly looked

away as if he'd turn to stone.<p>

My father was just the same, not looking or speaking to me. I sighed softly as we gathered in the Great Hall and from the back of the crowd my eyes scanned all the villagers, and there he was.

Hiccup stood close by his father and Stoick was speaking about some absolute nonsense that no one cared about. Talking about the dragon's nest again, and how a new search party had to be elected since the last had never returned.

I sighed softly and turned to leave, but I felt my mother's grip hold firm on me and she smiled softly, "Wait, dear." She told me, and I simply nodded.

The villagers dispersed after the meeting was called to a quick end and soon my mother, father, brother and myself were the only ones remaining.

Them, and Stoick the Vast and his son, Hiccup.

Hiccup and I stared at one another and my father sighed loudly, breaking the long string of silence.

"Stoick, now would be the best time to act,"

The red-headed chief only frowned at this as he eyed his son, and then his blue eyes fell on me and his stare hardened. "Hiccup, take your friends and leave."

Hiccup didn't question his father, only turned to me and smiled softly, "I am so freaked out right now," I admitted as Snotlout took his place at my side, Hiccup on my other.

"What do you think they're talking about?" Snotlout asked, directing his question more at Hiccup than myself, "I have no clue. My dad's been acting weird the past few days but he hasn't told me anything."

I hummed in agreement, "Our dad's been keeping Mana in her room for ages, she's so grounded." He teased and I sneered, "Not now, idiot," I stomped his toe and he whined in pain.

"Whatever they're talking about, it must be important." Hiccup finally spoke again and both Snotlout and I nodded in agreement, "Why don't they want us to be friends? What's so important that -"

"Snotlout! Mana! Come on, we're going home." I heard my dad call from afar, and we turned to face our father. "Already?"

I didn't bother with the inquiries as I knew even if I pressed the matter I'd only end up in my room again. Just as I gave Hiccup an apologetic look, his fingers laced with mine for the briefest of moments.

He leaned closer to me and with a hushed tone he whispered to me.

"Meet me at Raven Point when the moon is fullest. I'll be there."

I felt my eyes water, he wanted to see me just as badly as I did him.

"Mana!" My father hissed, and our hands detached, "Coming!" I called as I ran off in the opposite direction, feeling Hiccup's stare at my back.

8. Confessions

That night I sneaked out of the house again.

I felt bad deceiving my family like that, but what choice did I have? Hiccup was my first friend, and although I wouldn't admit it, my heart ached every time he crossed my mind.

I thought of him always.

Why was he so important to me? Why did I so yearn to be near him, as if he were my other half?

I had never felt such a way before in my short life, but I knew that I had to see Hiccup again tonight. We needed to see one another, and even if it meant I had to see him in secret every night, then so be it.

All I wanted was to gaze into those beautiful eyes and listen to his lovely voice. It was so intoxicating that I felt I'd never be able to get enough.

My eyes widened slightly as Hiccup's silhouette came into view, he was standing and watching the ocean, hands in his pockets. I stood and admired him under the moonlight for awhile.

How could someone be so beautiful?

I stared at Hiccup until he finally felt my presence and turned, his chestnut brown hair and his bright green eyes sparkling with the stars above.

"You trying to scare me?" He joked, and I felt a sweet smile tug at my lips and that familiar ache at my heart. "I wasn't scared, just -"

"Just surprised." Hiccup finished jokingly, laughing as he did.

I approached him and stood at his side now, my long brown hair flicking harshly with the night's breath.

"I'm glad I got to see you again," I admitted and Hiccup smiled wider, "Me, too."

We only stared at each other beneath the moon's rays for a moment before I spoke again, "Do you think there will ever be a time where we can see each other without having to worry about our parents?"

Hiccup's brows furrowed in thought, "I'm not sure, but even if we have to sneak out at night to see each other, I'll risk it."

My eyes widened and I blinked away tears at his words, why were they so sweet? Almost so much that it made me want to wail and cry like a child deprived of their basic desires.

"I-I.. Hiccup," I stammered, my cheeks heating up as I searched for words.

I slowly sat down, crossing my legs and sighing softly as Hiccup took his place at my side. My hand fell on his, this time, and despite how shy and hesitant I was, Hiccup matched my pace and our fingers slowly tangled once more.

I loved that feeling of Hiccup's skin against my own. It felt so natural, so perfect.

Like from birth we were meant to be here, at each other's side and enjoying each other's company. Even his presence was so soothing it could've lulled me to sleep that night, and that's exactly what it did.

Hiccup let me rest my head on his shoulder and his arm gently wrapped around me, his hand resting on my hip as I slowly let my head fall into his warm lap. I hummed quietly as I felt him stiffen, but soon enough he relaxed and even laced his fingers with my long brown hair.

My eyes closed and despite the light flooding my eyelids, I found myself drifting off.

>Listening to the wind's howl was so lulling and I could hear my heartbeat in my ears, but that wasn't all I heard right as sleep came and took me away.<p>

"You're beautiful, Mana."

9. Discoveries

Snotlout's POV:

"This is wrong, Stoick, and you know it!" I heard my father growl from down stairs.

Stoick the Vast had come bellowing into our home late in the night when he discovered that Hiccup had gone missing, and it was then that we realised that Mana wasn't in her room - we put two and two together.

They'd run off together.

"You can't put this on me now, brother! I can't face this now, I can't do it!" Stoick replied, taking his hands and running them over his tear-stained face.

"I won't go through this again, and I won't put Hiccup through something like this!"

Stoick snapped as my father approached, "You can't deny it, you can tell just by looking at them! I love Mana like my own daughter, but the two are growing close - what are we going to do now?"

Huh? _'I love Mana like my own daughter!'?_

My eyes widened at the realisation.

Mana..

Wasn't my sister.

Mana's POV:

I was sitting in the forest with Hiccup. We'd fallen asleep together the previous night and when we awoke, the sun was barely rising.

We'd contemplated whether or not we'd go home, but surely we'd be noticed, so we thought, what the heck?

Let's spend a little more time together.

Hiccup's head was resting on my shoulder as we gazed off at the sky. My fingers were gently brushing against Hiccup's chestnut locks and I felt content for the first time in ages.

I hummed a soft tune as Hiccup looked up at me, before shifting slightly as he reached into his vest and pulled out that familiar looking sketch-book and his charcoal pencil. He began looking at me, then stuck his nose between those darkened pages and scribbling on and on silently. I didn't bother taking a peak at what he was drawing, as I was watching the clouds shift and change in front of my eyes.

Finally, Hiccup sat up and brushed his bangs away from his eyes, looking at me as I stared up at the sky. I felt his gaze on me, and from the corner of my eye I looked at him, only to blush and look away.

"What's that look for?" I stammered quietly, making the boy laugh. "Nothing, sorry." He looked down apologetically, though a smile still lingered on his lips.

After a moment of silence, I looked back at him, "What're you drawing?"

Hiccup's eyes fell on me again and his cheeks tinted red, "N-Nothing. You wouldn't like it."

I inched closer, "Come on, I want to see."

"It's no good, though," Hiccup's blush only grew and I felt my lips twitch into a smirk, "Please?" I whined loudly, only making the boy sigh and take out his sketchbook hesitantly.

He set it in my lap, his hands still lingering after a moment before he finally pulled away, his blush only deepening as I opened the sketchbook before skimming through the pages.

"Hey, these are actually pretty good." I commented as Hiccup's gaze fell onto the sketchbook, "K-Keep going."

I did as he requested and before long I found his charcoal-pencil marking the end of his drawings. I set it aside and examined the picture before me.

It was me.

Or at least, it looked like me.

I was sitting beneath a tree and making daisy-chains, I looked so content in this picture he'd drawn of me, like Hiccup had taken a memory from a far off time and placed it on these pages.

"H-Hiccup.." I blushed, "When did you draw this?"

Hiccup looked away.

"Do you remember the first time we met?"

I slowly nodded, "I knocked you over when I wasn't looking," I laughed at the thought and Hiccup slowly shook his head.

"Well, that's not entirely true. I have seen you before," He began, "But I never spoke to you. I've always known that you were Snotlout's little sister, so I assumed that you.. That you'd be.."

"Like _Snotlout_?" I finished, my heart beginning to sink at the sound of his tone, "Yeah, I guess,"

Silence fell on us for a moment before Hiccup spoke up, "Ever since I first saw you, I think I was five or six, I'd always watch you. I don't know how to describe it, but I always felt like you needed to be a part of my life."

My eyes widened at the sound of Hiccup's wavering voice, and he looked at me then, tear-filled eyes.

"Although we never spoke, I felt like you and I were meant to be close. Like I knew you better than I knew myself, even,"

I felt Hiccup's fingers tangle with mine once more and I faced him now, listening closely to his next sentence.

"Mana, I.."

I tilted my head slightly, "You what, Hiccup?"

Before I could say anything, or even think, I felt my weight shift forward and I leaned closer to Hiccup. He seemed to mirror my actions and my eyes only widened as our lips met, Hiccup's soft lips brushing oh-so gently against my own.

We pulled away quickly, looking at each other as if examining each other and waiting for the much anticipated look of utter reject, but we simply mirrored each other.

I leaned in again now much more determined. I knew what I wanted from Hiccup, and the look of determination on my face was more than enough for Hiccup to lean in too, our lips meeting again.

This time our kiss lasted and I found myself crawling to my knees, taking Hiccup's hands in my own and we slowly began to stand, lips not parting even once as we did. I felt my arms press against Hiccup's chest and his arms wrap gently around me, holding me close to him as our lips parted slightly for air before Hiccup came back for more.

Our lips quivered against each other's and soon I felt the need to be closer to Hiccup, the need to feel him and taste him and connect with him on a level I had never done with anyone else before.

His warm tongue glided against my lower lip gently and I squeaked, making the boy pull away, "I-I'm sorry!" He stammered, though as he pulled away I gripped the front of his tunic.

"No, no," I pleaded, though it seemed to come out on it's own, "Don't stop," I asked, and Hiccup's eyes met mine again before I leaned forward and claimed his lips with mine.

I was the one to part his lips with my tongue now, and soon I felt his against mine. I could taste him. I could taste Hiccup. He tasted tart, like a sour berry of some sort.

Wild, yet beautiful and sweet.

"Oh, Mana.." He muttered into my mouth and I let out a soft moan as his fingers laced with my hair. Soon, we finally broke apart, leaving a small string of saliva that eventually fell away.

My eyelids were heavy and I felt my face heat up as Hiccup's laboured breath kissed my skin.

I had never felt such a sensation before in my life, and Hiccup's touch was the only thing that provided that sensation. I needed him, and I knew that then.

I need Hiccup in my life.

I need him near me, always.

Always.

10. Confrontation

"Hiccup! Get away from her, now!" Stoick hollered as he came barrelling towards us, Hiccup and I only clung to one another as if our very lives depended on it and Hiccup for the first time I had ever seen spoke against his father.

"No, dad, I won't!" He snapped, holding me close to his chest protectively, "Hiccup, I won't ask again, come here, now!"

Still, even in the face of the terrifying Stoick the Vast, Hiccup didn't waver, not even a little, though his heart was pounding in my ear I tried to calm myself, listening carefully to that beautiful sound.

Soon enough, I felt his heart steady and thump in unison with my own.

I looked up at Hiccup who was still glaring at his father, "You've been keeping Mana and I apart for weeks now without any explanation as to why! Shouldn't you be happy that I've finally made friends?"

"This isn't the same, Hiccup, now just let her go!" Stoick groaned and I felt my eyes water and I slowly began to pull away from Hiccup, who gave me a concerned look now.

"Hiccup, there's nothing we can do," I began, my green eyes watering and my cheeks beginning to wet with tears, "They'll never let us be.." I sobbed into my hands now, and I felt Hiccup's warm embrace once more.

"I don't care what anyone else says, Mana. I won't leave you alone, not now that I finally have you."

My heart stopped at the sound of those words and I cried hard into his neck, nuzzling closer as if I felt the need to become one with him, and then Stoick spoke again -

Such words I had never expected nor wanted to hear.

"Mana is your half sister!"

My whole world stopped spinning and the air stood still.

Hiccup's grip remained the same but I could hear his heart had momentarily stopped as well, still in unison with mine.

I looked up at him now, our wide eyes meeting and I looked at my reflexion in his eyes.

It.. It wasn't true..

It couldn't be true..

Hiccup was my.. My brother..?

"That's.. Not possible.." I muttered, and the look on Stoick's face only made my eyes sting even more.

"But my parents - "

"I'm sorry, Mana," Stoick said softly, looking directly at me now.

He fell to his knees before me then.

"I'm so sorry, Sigyn."

I looked at him with confusion now, "What are you talking about, dad?" Hiccup called from my side.

I stood before the red-headed chief now and his eyes met mine.

"I'm so, _so_ sorry.."

11. Apologies

I stared wide-eyed at the red-head.

"Mana, I'm your father.."

My heart broke in two then, as the man before me had uttered those awful words, my entire world shifted and twisted around me into something I had only seen in my worst nightmares.

Stoick was my father?

Hiccup was my brother?

None of this made sense, but as I glanced over my shoulder to Hiccup, tears streaming down my face, I realised it then.

I looked at Hiccup - and saw myself.

"Why..?"

Why did this have to be happening to me? To us?

Hiccup's eyes were watering now and he blinked away tears that eventually began to overflow and stream down his face.

"Why would you hide this from us?" Hiccup yelled at his father who's head was in his hands.

"Sigyn. Oh, Sigyn,"

I felt Hiccup's hand clutch mine tightly and my eyes widened, "Mana, come with me,"

He said and with the blink of an eye we were running away into the forest, despite hearing Stoick's calls from afar we only continued to run until we came to a small isolated cave by a cliff and quickly slid between the leafs that had hidden it's entrance.

We panted for ages before finally sitting down. I didn't leave Hiccup's tightening embrace, nor did I want to.

We only sat in silence as those horrible words continued to ring in my ears.

>"Mana.." Hiccup whispered and I tilted my head to look at him.<p>

Hiccup's tear-stained face was too much to bare and I found myself sobbing hysterically, "Sh, Mana, they'll find us," He whispered softly, stroking my ear and rocking us back and forth.

Night fell and we could hear people throughout the forest calling for us, no doubt several search parties had already been extended over the entirety of Berk by now.

"They'll find us, Hiccup. They'll find us and make sure we never see each other again!" I sobbed quietly as Hiccup scooped me into his arms and rested me on his lap.

I cried softly in his arms for the rest of the night before I finally

fell asleep in Hiccup's warm, loving embrace.

My brother's embrace.

Hiccup's embrace.

12. Capture

I awoke to a harsh slap across the face the next morning and I moaned in pain as my eyes snapped open. I would have sprung up in defence, but I felt something binding my arms behind my back.

My eyes widened as I realised I was on a ship.

"W-What?!" I groaned as I earned another harsh slap to the face, "Shut yer trap!" The man hissed down at me before turning and my eyes fell on Hiccup.

"Hiccup!" I cried as I tried to crawl towards him, though I felt my body yank backwards and I landed on my back with a harsh thud.

"Leave her alone!" Hiccup pleaded, and my eyes met with a pair of horrible golden ones.

They glared down at me distastefully, "W-Who are you?" I asked softly and the man only smirked.

"Doesn't matter who we are, deary, only matters who you are."

I glared now, "What are you talking about, filthy pirate?!" I snapped, only to earn a horrible kick to the stomach, making me roll to my side and moan in pain.

My eyes shut tightly before I heard a harsh crack and I screamed in pain as I felt the man's boot push harder and harder down on the back of my head, pressing my face into the hard wood of his ship.

"You little brat!" He hissed as his weight shifted onto his leg and I felt like my head might crack in two.

"Stop! Stop! PLEASE!" Hiccup cried out and I suddenly felt the weight of the man above shift and he came striding towards Hiccup before grabbing him by the neck and lifting him off the deck of the ship.

Hiccup gasped for air and the pirate only laughed at him, "You know I could easily snap this neck of yours with the flick of my wrist, brat," He threatened and tears began streaming down my face again.

"Please, what do you want?!" I begged, managing to prop myself up on my knees and looking up at the pirate.

He dropped Hiccup now, who was gasping and panting for breath with a purple face.

"What do I want?"

The pirate came nose-to-nose with me now and I grimaced at the stench of alcohol and decay on his breath.

"You two're valuable, you know that? Children of the great Stoick the Vast!" The other pirates on deck all chuckled and laughed in unison, and my eyes widened.

"Whatever you want, we can work this out! Just let us go - "

The pirate tangled his fingers with my hair and gave it a harsh yank, making me scream as my neck bent at an unnatural angle.

"S-Stop!" I gasped as the man threw my head against deck and I saw stars.

"S.. Stop.." I muttered as my vision went black.

13. Plotting

When I awoke, it was dark, and I was lying on something soft and warm.

I opened my eyes only to instantly close them again, moaning in pain as I did so.

"Try not to move," A voice told me, and I felt my heart skip a beat.

My vision was red and I could only see from my left eye as blood had streamed down the right side of my face, the metallic taste stinging my tongue.

"H-Hiccup?" I shifted uncomfortably before hearing a familiar thud against my ear.

Ah, Hiccup's heart beat.

That sound lulled me and my heart eventually found it's way to pace with his, as it had the day before.

"W-What happened?"

Hiccup was silent for a moment before he sighed, "They say.. They say they're going to kill me,"

My eyes widened and I shot up, only to wince in pain and fall straight back into Hiccup's lap.

"N-No.. I won't.. I won't _let_ them!" I whimpered, my entire body beginning to tremble.

>Just then, I felt something hot trickle onto my face from above, and I opened my eyes to see Hiccup's watery green ones gazing down at me.<p>

He was crying.

"Why do they want to kill you? Why not me?"

Or even then, why not _both_ of us..?

Hiccup simply shook his head, "They want you alive, but they said they were going to kill me to show they meant business."

I began to cry hysterically now, no way could this be happening! I wouldn't let them! I'd sink this ship to the bottom of the ocean before I let them hurt Hiccup!

Just then, the ship swayed violently and hollering could be heard on the deck above us.

>"I think that's dad, now.." Hiccup muttered quietly, and my eyes widened as footsteps stormed to the lower floor of the ship.<p>

Just then, my mind snapped and I found myself wriggling closer to Hiccup's stomach only to nuzzle under his vest and take hold of the handle of the dagger that rest by his sketchbook.

I spat it onto the floor and turned to Hiccup once more, "I have an idea,"

It was insane and ridiculous, but I couldn't let them hurt Hiccup, not even if it meant risking my life for him.

My hands found the dagger and soon I had cut the ropes away from my wrists before I untied Hiccup and he stared at me as my hands raised above my head,

"W-What are you - ?"

With one swift motion, my long brown hair fell gracefully to the ground and I was left with short, layered brown hair.

I smiled as my eyes began to water and I began undressing, "Trust me,"

Hiccup only shook his head, "No, I won't do it!" He began to cry and I smiled softly, "It's okay,"

I undressed Hiccup just as quickly, leaving us both in our underwear before I tossed him my clothes and I put on his.

"Don't do this, don't even think - "

I kissed Hiccup furiously, tenderly, lovingly, now.

"I will do this, Hiccup,"

I smiled softly as I turned away, "Because I love you."

"We're siblings, no one will suspect a thing." I smiled one last time as I stuffed Hiccup behind a bunch of crates and turned to see that hideous pirate storm into the room, almost instantly seeing me and snatching me.

"Come 'ere, boy! Time to put on a show!"

From the box of crates, I could see Hiccup's beautiful emerald eyes staring at me as I was dragged onto the top of the deck.

"Stoick the Vast! Look what we've got _here_!"

14. Demise

I could see that the Berk Vikings had caused quite a lot of damage and I smiled softly as tears streamed down my face, Stoick called out to me and I knew then that my plan would work.

"Son!" Stoick called to me and I simply looked back as I watched Hiccup almost fly across the deck and to Stoick, who looked as equally confused as the pirate who was handling me.

Then the realisation hit the group and they looked back at me,

"Mana!"

I smiled and closed my eyes as I felt the angry presence behind me back up - and then my body was on fire.

My eyes snapped open again and I felt a heat build up in my throat as my lips parted and a small stream of liquid slid from the corner of my mouth before my eyes fell to the ground.

A long, iron sword lay imbedded in me.

I had been impaled by this pirate in a fit of anger, as I had deceived him so well.

But this would cost me my life.

I never thought I would die here, but it seemed as though this was the end.

I glanced back at the Berk Vikings.

My family, mother, father, Snotlout.. Hiccup..

A single tear streamed down my cheek as the blood pooled around my skin and I began to feel light headed.

That's when the blade that had impaled me twisted in a circular motion and I moaned.

It didn't hurt, but it was a foreign feeling. I could feel nothing now, as my heart's beat slowed and finally came to a stop.

And the last thing I saw, was Hiccup.

My dearest friend.

My brother and my lover.

"Hic..cup.."

And then the life faded from my eyes, and lifted from my body - and I took my final breath.

15. The End

Hiccup's POV:

It had been six days since the pirates had kidnapped Mana and I, which meant it was the sixth day I had to live on this earth without Mana.

In the heat of the moment she had managed to disguise herself as me and take my place as sacrifice for the pirates.

I wish I had done something then, even if it meant we could die together, I couldn't move. I could only cry as I watched her smile so sweetly at me, despite how she was facing death for me.

Her little brother.

Dad had explained everything to Snotlout and I, making everything clear before letting us mourn Mana's death.

He told me that before I was born, he bore child with another woman who died giving birth, and that he couldn't bare the burden of raising a child who killed his wife.

Spitelout and his family took Mana in and raised her from the day she was born, and when my dad met my mom, I guess he fell in love a second time - and I was born.

Mana and I were never meant to know of each other's existence, and that made my blood boil and every fibre of my being ache.

I cried for six days and six nights before I visited her grave once more.

I sat before it and spoke to her quietly, despite the villager's whispers and my father's inquiries, I felt hollow inside.

I felt absolutely empty without Mana here.

She had died for me, and even when she drew her last breath, all she did was smile at me as she had whenever we spoke on Berk, whenever we parted ways she would blush and smile, looking away before I'd take her hand in mine.

'Because I love you.'

My heart would yearn forevermore.

I cried as I lay sprawled out across Mana's grave, as if trying to be near, even in death.

And I felt her heart beat in unison with mine, for one last time..

"I love you, Mana."

End
file.